

The word Rosary was originally applied to the third part of the whole Bead-Psalter, but in this sense was not used in England until the close of the fifteenth century. It has now quite taken the place of the term "Psalter," which has become obsolete.

The Anglo-Saxon *beodan* or *biddan*—to pray—was the word from which our *bead* is derived. Hence also *bedesman*—one who prays.

"To thee I bidde my bede."

The costliest gems and most skillful workmanship united in giving value and

#### Beauty to These Chaplets;

and the artificers who worked at them were known by the title of "Paternosters," and lived in Paternoster row.

So this legacy of St. Dominic found its way into every Christian home, and, with the blessing of heaven upon it, continued to be a source of grace, and comfort, and sweet support—"The appeaser of the anger of God, the rainbow of peace, uniting heaven irritated with the guilty earth."

In the time of Pius V. the whole of Europe was in imminent peril from the then indomitable power of the Turks—who were already in possession of Cyprus, when Don Juan of Austria, commanding the Christian League, encountered their fleet of two hundred and twenty-four vessels, in the Gulf of Lepanto, on October 7, 1571. Then—while the saintly pontiff and the whole of Christendom were united in the recitation of the Rosary—that memorable battle was fought and won, which decided the fate of Europe, and rescued it from the Moslem scourge. That day

#### The Crescent Went Down

before the Cross; and the cry of "Allah" was the death-groan of the twenty-five thousand Musselmén who perished in the strife. The festival of the Rosary, kept on the first Sunday in October, was instituted in thanksgiving for this

prodigious victory; and the grateful voice of Catholicity was uplifted in acknowledgment of the benefits bestowed upon her suffering children, by "Our Lady, Help of Christians."

And now, though much more might be said, little more need be added. The devotion of the Rosary has become, not a matter of learned, historical research, or antiquarian speculation, but is intimately bound up with the daily and hourly life of each true child of the Church. From Lepanto and St. Pius V. to the days of our own glorious pontiff, Leo XIII., whom God preserve, it has been so, and so, doubtless, will it ever be, increasing in fruitfulness for the individual life, and for the Church at large, till that day shall dawn, when all the true children of our Mother shall be gathered at her feet in heaven.

ANNIE DAVIS.

#### HEIMGANG.

"Heimgang!" So the German people  
Whisper when they hear the bell  
Tolling from some gray old steeple,  
Death's familiar tale to tell;  
When they hear the organ surges  
Swelling out from chapel dome,  
And the singers chanting dirges  
"Heimgang!" always going home.

"Heimgang!" Quaint and tender saying  
In the grand old German tongue,  
That has shaped our mother's praying  
And the hymns our fathers sung;  
Blessed is our loving Maker  
That where'er our feet shall roam  
Still we journey toward "God's acre,"  
"Heimgang!" always going home.

"Heimgang!" We are all so weary,  
And the willows, as they wave,  
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,  
Woo us to the tranquil grave.  
When the golden pitcher's broken,  
With its dregs and with its foam,  
And the tender words are spoken—  
"Heimgang!" we are going home.

What we want of all things is our hearts softened, and sorrow softens them sooner and more effectually than joy.

Father Faber.